



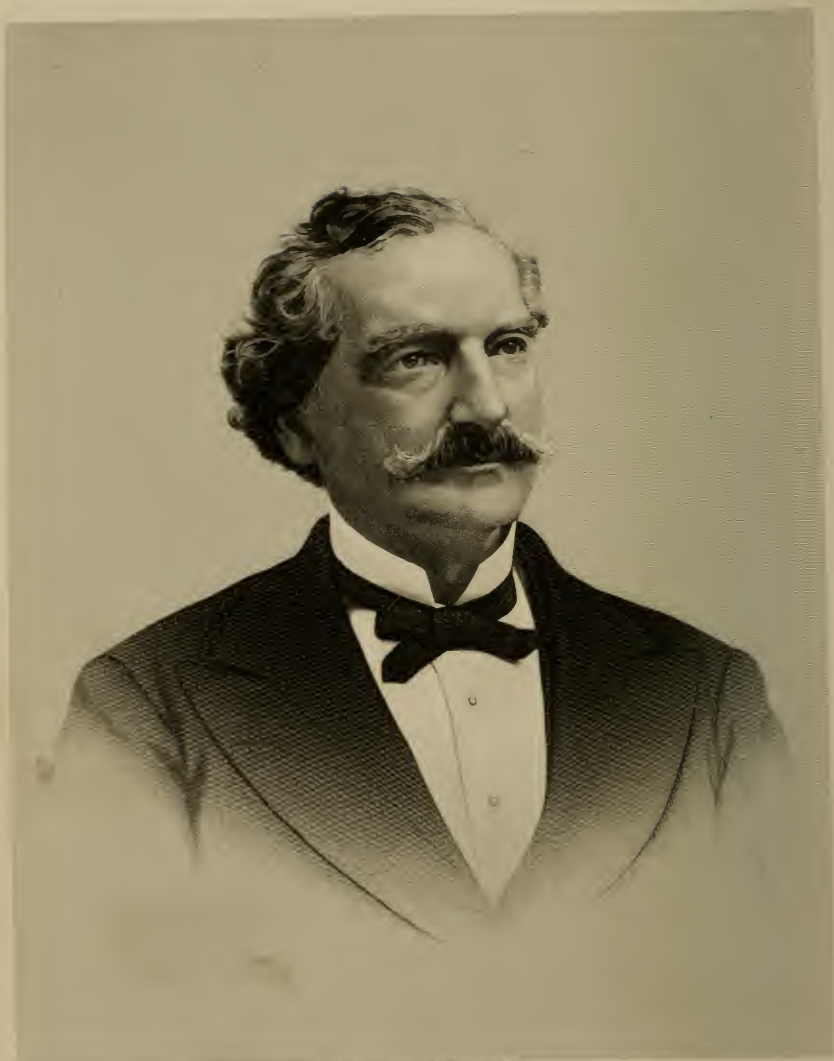
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G. H. Colton

SHAKSPEARE AND THE BIBLE

PARALLEL PASSAGES

AND PASSAGES SUGGESTED BY THE BIBLE
WITH THE

RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS OF SHAKSPEARE

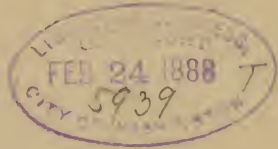
BY

G. Q. COLTON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

*34
Shakespeare*



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TROW'S
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TO
MY BROTHER,
REV. A. M. COLTON,
AT WHOSE SUGGESTION I FIRST COMMENCED
TO READ SHAKSPEARE,
THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION, BY REV. ROBERT COILYER,	5

CHAPTER I.

PARALLEL PASSAGES,	17
------------------------------	----

CHAPTER II.

OF SHAKSPEARE'S RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES AND SENTIMENTS DERIVED FROM THE BIBLE.

<i>Section I.</i> —OF THE BEING AND NATURE OF GOD,	75
<i>Section II.</i> —OF THE HOLY ANGELS, AND THE FALLEN,	80
<i>Section III.</i> —OF GOD'S GOODNESS IN CREATION, AND IN THE REDEMPTION OF MAN,	83
<i>Section IV.</i> —OF HUMAN LIFE, AND OF "THE WORLD,"	87
<i>Section V.</i> —OF SIN AND REPENTANCE,	90
<i>Section VI.</i> —OF FAITH AND THANKFULNESS TOWARD GOD,	92

	PAGE
<i>Section VII.</i> —OF THE DUTY AND EFFICACY OF PRAYER,	96
<i>Section VIII.</i> —OF DOMESTIC RELATIONS,	99
<i>Section IX.</i> —OF CHARITY AND MERCIFULNESS,	106
<i>Section X.</i> —OF DILIGENCE, SOBRIETY, AND CHARITY,	110
<i>Section XI.</i> —OF JUSTICE AND HUMANITY,	113
<i>Section XII.</i> —OF THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE TONGUE,	115
<i>Section XIII.</i> —OF HUMILITY, CONTENTMENT, AND RESIGNATION,	119
<i>Section XIV.</i> —OF HOLY SCRIPTURE, AND THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY,	124
<i>Section XV.</i> —OF POLITICS—PEACE AND WAR,	130
<i>Section XVI.</i> —OF DEATH, AND DAY OF JUDGMENT,	134

CHAPTER III.

OF THE POETRY OF SHAKSPEARE AS DERIVED FROM THE BIBLE,	144
CONCLUSION,	161

AN INTRODUCTION.

THE author of this book told me once that he was nineteen years of age when he first found Shakspeare and began to read his plays. How the first he read was "Macbeth," and he was then but poorly able or fitted to appreciate the power and beauty of it, for he had received only a limited common-school education. Blank-verse was new to him also, for his ear had only been trained to the sing-song of long, short, and common metre, and so he read the first three acts without finding much in them to admire, but became interested, at length, in the story, and then began to find something rich and pregnant he had never found before in any book.

This was an incentive, of course, to read on, and so in no long time he read the whole thirty-seven plays, as we all did when we durst, in those days, who had been raised in the shadows of the old meeting-house and taught to believe that to read Shakspeare was a peril to the soul's health. He was soon and easily set free from this bondage "to fear," and ever since then these works of the mighty master have been his most intimate companions and friends, holding his heart captive, "entranced by their beauty and salt of truth."

So he has told me more than once, as we have talked these things over, and my wonder has been that any man so busy with the world, as my friend has been all these years, should have been able to attain to what one might call this Shakspearean ubiquity, for it seems to be no less. Holding the great dramas in his heart so long, he has them by

heart almost, and would answer me instantly and rightly if I should wake him up suddenly at two o'clock in the morning and ask him for any possible quotation which is apt to dwell on men's tongues.

His knowledge of the Bible dates from his earliest childhood. The good deacon, his father, read a chapter every morning and evening, as the old custom was, which never can be more honored in the breach than in the observance when we know where and how to read from the *holy* Word; and then the children had to commit a certain number of verses every week to memory, so that no book was so familiar to our author as the Bible when he went forth, a youth of sixteen, to make his own way in the world.

And it is from this double intimacy that the book was born. In reading Shakspeare we have all felt a touch of

surprise, I suppose, who are familiar with the Bible also, at finding constant allusion to our sacred book and its truths. So he was surprised, for this was by no means what he had been taught to expect through his training and nurture in the good old Puritan home.

Many passages in which the same thought is reproduced, and the same moral and religious lessons inculcated, are brought together here, as the reader will notice, touching the being and nature of God, and his goodness in the creation and redemption of man ; of our human life, also, and the world ; of sin and repentance, of faith and thankfulness toward God, and the duty and efficacy of prayer ; of charity, and mercy ; diligence, sobriety, and chastity ; justice and honesty, and the use and abuse of the tongue ; of humility, contentment, and resignation ; the Holy

Scriptures, the Christian ministry, and church membership ; peace and war, death and immortality, and the judgment to come. And so he has undertaken this labor of love for love's sake, and in the hope that it will not be "love's labor lost," being himself so great a debtor to these books, the noblest, as I think, in all the world—the Bible and the works of William Shakspeare.

Of Shakspeare's life, as it touches what my friend has done, we have only a very slight knowledge.

It seems to be allowed on all hands that he would go to the good grammar school at Stratford-upon-Avon until he was about fourteen years of age, and then leave his books, perhaps that he might help his father to make the living, as John Shakspeare was by that time finding it hard to make ends meet. It may be fairly presumed, also,

that he became familiar with the Bible in the school and in the church, as well as in his home, for the English folk read the sacred volume then as carefully as some of our fathers did—morning, noon, and evening; and so in all these ways, and by them all, the boy with the wonderful head, and eyes like stars in a mist, would find his way into the deep and wonderful heart of *The Bible*, and drink the sincere milk of *The Word*. For it was the Bible era and “sun up” in England when Shakespeare was growing up toward his manhood, as these times we live in—alas for the comparison—may be called the era of novels and newspapers.

Fourteen years before he was born we can count twenty-six editions of the whole Bible printed in the mother tongue, and about twice as many of the New Testament. Indeed, the presses in London for some years did very lit-

tle else about this time but print Bibles, and the presses in the free cities abroad kept time well with those at home, pouring the sacred books into England in a steady stream.*

And they were read everywhere—in the homes, the schools, the taverns, and the markets; while an open Bible chained to a desk—for there were *tramps* in those days—was one of the enticements of the ever-open parish church. The Bible, in one word, was 'The Book in the Old England of that era, and so the boy would begin at his mother's knee to learn his lessons from the sacred pages.†

He would hear chapters read, also, in the school week-days, and in the church Sundays, and so the Bible

* Encyclopædia Britannica, new edition: Art. Bible.

† What a mother she must have been, that rare Mary Arden, and how one would love to recover the story of her life!

would be blended with the boy's life ; and then, when the true time came to use these stored treasures they would be poured forth as we find them in the great dramas, so beautifully fused with the fine gold of his own genius that they seem to take on a new lustre and reveal a purer worth as they touch us afresh from the heart of William Shakspeare.

Milton says : " There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the Prophets, and no politics equal to those the Scriptures can teach us "—and far more clearly than any other man of the grand Puritan age, I think Milton also understood what a matchless human genius this was which had gone through the shadows of death into the eternal light and life when he himself was a child of eight years.*

* Cromwell's name was entered on the college books in Cambridge on the day Shakspeare died,

And I love to dream of a summer's day when the most beautiful boy in London or in England would remember to the end of his life how he saw the most wonderful man of that or any other age walking down the Strand or Eastcheap Way with Ben Jonson. It is only a dream: all we know is that the Bible and Shakspeare lay together in Milton's heart, and lived there as they live in the heart of the author of this volume, in which it has been his pleasant task to set forth, by instance and citation, how closely and sweetly they are blended, these rare jewels from the sacred book, and set in the fine gold of the greatest poet of all time.

And now, one word more may well be said touching the author of these dramas. We have presumed that Shak-

but I do not find the great name ever passed his lips, or the lips of Fairfax. They would say that was no time for *Plays*.

speare is the man, and that in the reverence we all pay him so gladly we are not bowing before a mask behind which Bacon stands laughing at us, and at the excellent comedy he invented to befool the ages in persuading the poor player from the Midlands to assume the authorship, "for a consideration."

Shakspeare did not write the dramas, the wise men from the West say, and could not have written them any more than Master Justice Shallow could. There was only one man able to do so great a thing—my Lord Bacon—who has left ample proof of his claim to be the true author in the plays themselves, and locked the truth in a cipher also, to which Mr. Donnelly has now discovered the ponderous key.

So the argument stands for our new comedy of "Masks and Faces," which would compel my friend to change the title of his book to "Bacon and the

Bible," if he also could consent to wear the cap and bells. But there is one argument for the faith I hold with him that the title may well stand as it is printed yet awhile I have not noticed in the laughable discussions we find in the public journals just now, and it is of the truest weight and moment, if the thing could be taken seriously: the truth which touches us through the wonderful identity of the man William Shakspeare with the rustic life from which he sprung, and in which he was nurtured forth to his early manhood.

Wherever we find this in the dramas we find the very life itself. Not some mere study of it from a higher plane, but the life of Stratford-upon-Avon and Shuttery, and the haunts of his green youth—

“ Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hilbro', Hungry Grafton,
Dudging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
Beggary Broom, and Drunken Bedford.”

It is true and strong, and full of the right flavor, as the Scottish life is in Robert Burns. It never could have been done by this London-bred lad and man—"my young lord keeper," as her jolly Majesty loved to call him—it could only have been done from *the life*, and that is a cipher all men may read.

The writer of this brief note touching the comical controversy springs from that rustic life of England. It is still hidden in the whole warp and woof of his own life, and until the question is answered well and truly touching the birth-right of these rustics we find in the great dramas, and good reason can be given for their creation by a man like Bacon, it seems to me we need care for no other argument. Only a man of the people could have touched so truly the people's life, and that man was William Shakspeare.

ROBERT COLLYER.

NEW YORK, December 15, 1887.

SHAKSPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

CHAPTER I.

THE sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much ; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.—Eccl. v. 12.

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard.

—Cymbeline, Act 3, Scene 6.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.—Prov. xxii. 1.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

—Othello, Act 3, Scene 3.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts xx. 35.

Charity—it is twice blessed ;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

—Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Scene 1.

For he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. —Rom. xiii. 8.

For charity itself fulfils the law ;

And who can sever love from charity ?

—Love's Labor's Lost, Act 4, Scene 3.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye.—Matt. vii. 3.

You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ;

But I a beam do find in each of thee.

—Love's Labor's Lost, Act 4, Scene 3.

This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me

with their lips ; but their heart is far from me.—Matt. xv. 8.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects ; Heaven hath my empty
words ;

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel ; Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name ;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception.

—Measure for Measure, Act 2, Scene 4.

Consider the ravens ; for they neither sow nor reap ; which neither have storehouse, nor barn, and God feedeth them.—Luke xii. 24.

And he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age.

—As You Like It, Act 2, Scene 3.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.—Eccl. xii. 14.

But 'tis not so above :
There is no shuffling ; there the action lies

In his true nature ; and we ourselves compelled,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence.

—Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 3.

At that time Jesus answered and said,
I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven
and earth, because thou hast hid these
things from the wise and prudent, and
hast revealed them unto babes.—Matt.
xi. 25.

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest means ;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown
When judges have been babes.

—All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Scene 1.

A man's heart deviseth his way ; but
the Lord directeth his steps.—Prov.
xvi. 9.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

—Hamlet, Act 5, Scene 2.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your father.—Matt. x. 29.

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

—Hamlet, Act 5, Scene 2.

But godliness with contentment is great gain.—2 Tim. vi. 6.

Poor and content, is rich and rich enough.

—Othello, Act 3, Scene 3.

A foolish son is a grief to his father and a bitterness to her that bare him.—Prov. xvii. 25.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth

It is to have a thankless child.

—King Lear, Act 1, Scene 4.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in

the cup, when it moveth itself aright.
—Prov. xxiii. 31-32.

O thou invisible spirit of wine ! if thou hast no
name to be known by, let us call thee—devil.
O God ! that men should put an enemy in their
mouths to steal away their brains.
—Othello, Act 2, Scene 3.

Therefore by the deeds of the law
there shall on flesh be justified in his
sight.—Rom. iii. 20.

Consider this :
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to ren-
der
The deeds of mercy.
—Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Scene 1.

There shall no evil happen to the
just, but the wicked shall be filled with
mischief.—Prov. xii. 21.

What stronger breastplate than a heart un-
tainted ?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;

And he but naked, though locked in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 3, Scene 2.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in
the son of man, in whom there is no
help.—Ps. cxlvi. 3.

O how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours.

—Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 2.

He answered and said unto them,
When it is evening ye say it will be fair
weather; for the sky is red.—Matt.
xvi. 2.

And the weary sun hath made a golden set,

And by the bright track of his fiery car

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

—Richard III., Act 5, Scene 3.

But they shall sit every man under
his vine and under his fig-tree, and none
shall make them afraid.—Micah iv. 4.

In her days, every man shall eat in safety

Under his own vine, what he plants.

—Henry VIII., Act 5, Scene 4.

But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.—2 Sam. xii. 23.

But to persevere

In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief ;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven ;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient ;
An understanding simple and unschooled.

—Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 2.

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.—James iv. 7.

For use almost can change the stamp of nature.
And master the devil with wondrous potency.

—Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 4.

Your gold and silver is cankered ; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.—James v. 3.

There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,

Than these poor compounds that thou may'st
not sell,

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

—Romeo and Juliet, Act 5, Scene 1.

Judge not, and ye shall not be
judged; condemn not, and ye shall not
be condemned; forgive and ye shall be
forgiven.—Luke vi. 37.

But mercy is above this sceptred sway;

It is enthroned in the heart of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show lik'st God's

When mercy seasons justice.

—Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Scene 1.

And it came to pass that the beggar
died, and was carried by the angels into
Abraham's bosom.—Luke xvi. 22.

Sweet peace, conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham.

—Richard II., Act 4, Scene 1.

When Pilate saw that he could pre-
vail nothing, but that rather a tumult

was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person, see ye to it.—Matt. xxvii. 24.

Though some of you, like Pilate, wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity, yet you Pilates
 Have here delivered me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sins.

—Richard II., Act 4, Scene 1.

And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail Master, and kissed him.—
 J. Matt. xxvi. 49.

Did they not sometimes cry, All Hail to me?
 So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
 Found truth in all but one.

—Richard II., Act 4, Scene 1.

And again I say unto you, it is easier
 for a camel to go through the eye of a
 needle, than for a rich man to enter into
 the kingdom of God.—Matt. xix. 24.

It is hard to come, as for a camel
 To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

—Richard II., Act 5, Scene 5.

Wisdom crieth without ; she uttereth her voice in the streets.—Prov. i. 20.

Thou didst well ; for wisdom cries in the streets,
And no man regards it.

Henry IV., Part First, Act 1, Scene 2.

And thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel, saying, If a man die, and have no son, then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass unto his daughter.—Num. xxvii. 8.

For in the book of Numbers it is writ,
When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.

—Henry V., Act 1, Scene 2.

He that findeth his life shall lose it ;
and he that loseth his life for my sake,
shall find it.—Matt. x. 39.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die ;
And, seeking death, find life.

—Measure for Measure, Act 3, Scene 1.

X The wicked flee when no man pursueth ; but the righteous are bold as a lion.—Prov. xxviii. 1.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
—Measure for Measure, Act 3, Scene 1.

That accepteth not the persons of princes, nor regardeth the rich more than the poor, for they are all the work of his hands.—Job xxxiv. 19.

X Once or twice,
I was about to speak ; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.
—Winter's Tale, Act 4, Scene 3.

Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.—Prov. xxiii. 21.

Delay leads impotent and small-paced beggary.
—Richard III., Act 4, Scene 3.

X Go to the ant thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wise.—Prov. vi. 6.

We'll set thee to school to an ant.
—King Lear, Act 2, Scene 4.

Can any hide himself in secret places,
that I shall not see him, saith the Lord.

—Jer. xxiii. 24.

Now, if these men have defeated the law, and
outrun native punishment, though they can
outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from
God.

—Henry V., Act 4, Scene 1.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the
ass his master's crib.—Isa. i. 3.

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

—Coriolanus, Act 2, Scene 1.

Our days upon earth are a shadow.
—Job viii. 9.

Life's but a walking shadow.

—Macbeth, Act 5, Scene 5.

What therefore God hath joined to-
gether, let no man put asunder.—Matt.
xix. 6.

God forbid that I should wish them sever'd,
Whom God hath joined together.

—Henry VI., Part Third, Act 4, Scene 1.

The Lord is merciful and gracious ;
slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

λ

—Ps. ciii. 8.

Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God !

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
thee.

—Henry VI., Part Third, Act 1, Scene 4.

Hast thou found honey ? eat so much
as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be
filled therewith and vomit it.—Prov.
xxv. 16.

The sweetest honey,

Is loathsome in its deliciousness,

And in the taste confounds the appetite.

—Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Scene 6.

Dearly beloved, avenge not your-
selves, but rather give place unto wrath ;
for it is written : Vengeance is mine, I
will repay, saith the Lord.—Rom. xii. 19.

4

God will be avenged for the deed ;

Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm,

He needs no indirect nor lawless course

To cut off those who have offended Him.

—Richard III., Act 1, Scene 4.

Swear not at all. But let your communications be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.—Matt. v. 34-37.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain vow that is vow'd true.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act 4, Scene 2.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith; and he that hath fellowship with a proud man shall be like unto him.—Eccl. xiii. 1.

There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and is known in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest.

—Henry IV., Part First, Act 2, Scene 4.

The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase them; and they shall flee, as fleeing from a sword; and they shall fall when none pursueth.—Lev. xxvi. 36.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

—Henry IV., Part Third, Act 2, Scene 4.

Better is a handful with quietness,
than both the hands full with travail
and vexation of spirit.—Eccl. iv. 6.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

—Henry VIII., Act 2, Scene 3.

Give me neither poverty nor riches ;
feed me with food convenient for me.—
Prov. xxx. 8.

They are sick that surfeit with too much, as
they that starve with nothing. It is no mean
happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean.

—Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Scene 2.

And Cain talked with Abel his
brother ; and it came to pass, when
they were in the field, that Cain rose
up against Abel his brother and slew
him.—Gen. iv. 8.

How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it
were Cain's jaw bone, that did the first murder.

—Hamlet, Act 5, Scene 1.

And in Hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.—Luke xvi. 23.

I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple ; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.

—Henry IV., Part First, Act 3, Scene 3.

But if ye will not do so, behold ye have sinned against the Lord ; and be sure your sin will find you out.—Num. xxxii. 23.

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ.

—Hamlet, Act 2, Scene 2.

And Samson lay till midnight, and arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of

the hill that is before Hebron.—Judges
xvi. 3.

Samson, master, was a man of good carriage,
great carriage ; for he carried the town gates
on his back, like a porter.

—Love's Labor's Lost, Act 1, Scene 2.

He retaineth not his anger forever,
because he delighteth in mercy.—Micah
vii. 18.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful.

—Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Scene 2.

And he cast down the pieces of silver
in the temple, and departed, and went
and hanged himself.—Matt. xxvii. 5.

Well follow'd ; Judas was hanged on an elder.

—Love's Labor's Lost, Act 5, Scene 2.

There went in two and two unto
Noah into the ark, the male and the

female, as God had commanded Noah.
—Gen. vii. 9.

There is, sure, another flood toward, and these
couples are coming to the ark.

—As You Like It, Act 5, Scene 4.

Who gave himself for us, that he
might redeem us from all iniquity, and
purify unto himself a peculiar people,
zealous of good works.—Titus ii. 14.

For Christian service and true chivalry
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son.

—Richard II., Act 2, Scene 1.

Even so every good tree bringeth
forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree
bringeth forth evil fruit. For every
tree is known by his own fruit.—Matt.
vii. 17, and Luke vi. 44.

If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as
the fruit by the tree.

—Henry IV., Part First, Act 2, Scene 4.

And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha; that is to say, a place of a skull.—Matt. xxvii. 33.

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.

—Richard II., Act 2, Scene 1.

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?
—Rom. vii. 24.

O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay!

—Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 3.

And Jacob did separate the lambs, and set the faces of the flocks toward the ringstreaked, and all the brown in the flock of Laban; and he put his own flocks by themselves, and put them not unto Laban's cattle.—Gen. xxx. 40.

But mark what Jacob did,
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,

That all the eanlings which were streak'd
Should fall to Jacob's hire.

—Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Scene 3.

She took of the fruit thereof, and did
eat, and gave also unto her husband
with her; and he did eat.—Gen. iii. 6.

Thou knowest in the state of innocence, Adam
fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in
days of villany?

—Henry IV., Part First, Act 3, Scene 3.

A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou
be in the earth.—Gen. iv. 12.

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.

—Richard II., Act 5, Scene 6.

The memory of the just is blessed;
but the name of the wicked shall rot.—
Prov. x. 7.

He lives in fame, who dies in virtue's cause.

—Titus Andronicus, Act 1, Scene 2.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.—Matt. 7, 15.

Now beat them hence ; why do you let them stay ?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
—Henry VI., Part First, Act 1, Scene 3.

No man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment ; for that which is put in to fill it up taketh away from the garment, and the rent is made worse.—Matt. ix. 16.

As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more the hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patched !
—King John, Act 4, Scene 2.

And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years, until they came to the land inhabited ; they did eat manna, . . . until they came unto the

borders of the land of Canaan.—Ex. xvi. 35.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

—Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Scene 1.

And the ill-favored and lean-fleshed
kine did eat up the seven well-favored
and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke.—
Gen. xli. 4.

If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean
kine are to be loved.

—Henry IV., Part First, Act 2, Scene 4.

And the staff of his spear was like a
weaver's beam; and his spear's head
weighed six hundred sheckles of iron;
and one bearing a shield went before
him.—1 Sam. xvii. 7.

In the shape of a man, master Brook, I fear not
Goliah with a weaver's beam.

—Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, Scene 1.

He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor.—Prov. xxviii. 8.

4
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou not hear,
That things ill got had ever had success?
—Henry IV., Part Second, Act 2, Scene 2.

And the Lord planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.—Gen. ii. 8.

11
Not the Adam that kept the paradise, but that
Adam that keeps the prison; he that goes in the
Calf's skin that was killed for the prodigal.
—Comedy of Errors, Act 4, Scene 3.

For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he hath sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him.—Luke xiv. 28, 29.

Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through

Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds.

—Henry IV., Part Second, Act 2, Scene 4.

The rich ruleth over the poor, and
the borrower is servant to the lender.
—Prov. xxii. 7.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend.

—Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 3.

And he went and joined himself to a cit-
izen of that country; and he sent him into
his fields to feed swine. And he would
fain have filled his belly with the husks
that the swine did eat.—Luke xv. 15, 16.

Shall I keep hogs, and eat husks with them?
What Prodigal portion have I spent, that I
Should come to such penury?

—As You Like It, Act 1, Scene 1.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for
they shall be called the children of
God.—Matt. v. 9.

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 2, Scene 1.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.—2 Cor. i. 4.

Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 2, Scene 1.

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Eph. v. 20.

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 2, Scene 1.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
and a light unto my path.—Ps. cxix.
105.

And God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 2, Scene 3.

For out of the abundance of the heart
the mouth speaketh.—Matt. xii. 34.

All offences, my lord, come from the heart.
—Henry V., Act 4, Scene 2.

With him is an arm of flesh ; but
with us is the Lord our God to help
us and to fight our battles.—2 Chron.
xxxii. 8.

Take it, God,
For it is only thine.
To boast of this, or take the praise from God,
Which is his only.
—Henry V., Act 4, Scene 7.

And Jephtha vowed a vow unto the
Lord. Then shall it be that whatsoever
cometh forth of the doors of my house
to meet me, when I return in peace from
the children of Ammon, shall surely be
the Lord's, and I will offer it up for
a burnt offering. . . . and behold
his daughter came out to meet him ;

. . . and he did with her according to his vow.—Judges xi. 30, 34, 39.

Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath ;
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's when he sacrificed his daughter.
—Henry VI., Part Third, Act 5, Scene 1.

And there was a good way off from them a herd of many swine feeding. So the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine. And he said unto them, Go.—Matt. viii. 30, 31, 32.

Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarene, conjured the devils into.
—Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Scene 3.

Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.—James i. 19.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Beware of entrance to a quarrel.
—Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 3.

Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin?—Prov. xx. 9.

Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions,
Keep lees and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful.

—Othello, Act 3, Scene 3.

Judge not, that ye be not judged.
For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.—Matt. vii. 1, 2.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 2, Scene 4.

They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good. They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.—Ps. xiv. 1-3.

All is oblique;

There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany.

—Timon of Athens, Act 4, Scene 3.

Thou hast made my days as it were a span long.—Ps. xxxix. 5.

How brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage ; the
Stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

—As You Like It, Act 3, Scene 1.

They will carry their riches upon the shoulders of young asses, and their treasures upon the bunches of camels, to a people that shall not profit them.—Isa. xxx. 6.

If thou art rich, thou art poor ;

For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.

—Measure for Measure, Act 3, Scene 1.

His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate.—Ps. vii. 16.

O God, what mischief work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own head's thereby.

I told ye all
When we first put this stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

—Henry VIII., Act 5, Scene 2.

And the Lord God took the man, and
put him into the garden of Eden to
dress it and to keep it.—Gen. ii. 15.

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this gar-
den,
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this un-
pleasant news?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?

—Richard II., Act 3, Scene 4.

And the Lord God said unto the ser-
pent, Because thou hast done this, thou
art cursed above all cattle, and above
every beast of the field.—Gen. iii. 14.

If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse.

—Othello, Act 4, Scene 2.

As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing ; as
poor, yet making many rich ; as having

nothing, yet possessing all things.—2
Cor. vi. 10.

Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being
poor ;
Most choice, forsaken ; and most loved, de-
spised.

—King Lear, Act 1, Scene 1.

So Absalom stole the hearts of the
men of Israel.—2 Sam. xv. 6.

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dressed myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts.

—Henry IV., Part First, Act 3, Scene 2.

O my son Absalom, my son, my son
Absalom ! would God I had died for
thee, O Absalom, my son, my son.—
2 Sam. xviii. 33.

O ! grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my heart
Would I were dead so you did live again.

—Titus Andronicus, Act 5, Scene 3.

From the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him.—2 Sam. xiv. 25.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet he is all mirth.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act 3, Scene 2.

And when the queen of Sheba had seen the wisdom of Solomon, and the house that he had built.—2 Chron. ix. 3.

Sheba was never

More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue.

—*Henry VIII.*, Act 5, Scene 4.

That they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field, and they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen.—Dan. iv.

I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir ; I have not much skill in grass.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, Act 4, Scene 5.

Then Herod sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem,

and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under.—Matt. ii. 16.

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls con-
fus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

—Henry V., Act 3, Scene 3.

The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage.—Isa. xxiv. 20.

And the flecked darkness like a drunkard reel,
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels.

—Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Scene 3.

And there was one named Barabbas, which lay bound with them that had made insurrection with him, who had committed murder in the insurrection.—Mark xv. 7.

I have a daughter ;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian.

—Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Scene 1.

Certain of the Jews banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, saying that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul.—Acts xxiii. 12.

Thou art a traitor—
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see it done.

—Richard III., Act 3, Scene 4.

Lest by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.—I Cor. ix. 27.

Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways?

—Richard III., Act 2, Scene 2.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.—I John iii. 2.

Lord, we know what we are, but know not
What we may be. God be at your table.

—Hamlet, Act 4, Scene 5.

For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.—1 Cor. xv. 3.

Now by the death of Him who died for all.
—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 1, Scene 1.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning.—Isa. xiv. 12.

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
—Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 2.

Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke xv. 10.

Then there is mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
—As You Like It, Act 5, Scene 4.

Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.—Prov. xvi. 18.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't.

—Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 2.

Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.—Matt. iv. 10.

Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

—Comedy of Errors, Act 4, Scene 3.

And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.—2 Cor. xi. 14.

It is written, they appear to men like angels of light.

—Comedy of Errors, Act 4, Scene 3.

When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin ; and sin, when it is finished bringeth forth death.—James i. 15.

The time shall come when foul sin, gathering head,

Shall break into corruption.

—Henry IV., Part Second, Act 3, Scene 1.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man that thou visitest him ? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.—Ps. viii. 4-5.

What a piece of work is a man ! How noble in reason ! How infinite in faculty ! In form and moving how express and admirable ! In action how like an angel ! In apprehension how like a God ! The beauty of the world ! The paragon of animals !

—Hamlet, Act 2, Scene 2.

For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of

every kindred, and tongue, and people,
and nation.—Rev. v. 9.

I charge you, as you hope for redemption
By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous
sins,

That you depart and lay no hands on me.

—Richard III., Act I, Scene 4.

Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin ; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. . . . The grace of God and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many.—Rom. v. 12, 15.

Alas ! alas !

Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once ;
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy.

—Measure for Measure, Act 2, Scene 2.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my
right hand forget her cunning.—Ps.
cxxxvii. 5.

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness :

And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit.

—Henry V., Act 2, Scene 2.

Recompense no man evil for evil.
Provide things honest in the sight of
all men.

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. xii. 17, 21.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil ;
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

—Richard III., Act 1, Scene 3.

Let no man deceive himself. If any
man among you seemeth to be wise in
this world, let him become a fool, that
he may be wise.—I Cor. iii. 18.

I do remember a saying, The fool doth think he
is wise, but the wise man knows he is a
fool.

—As You Like It, Act 5, Scene 1.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii. 32.

I fear me, you but warm the starved snake.

Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 3, Scene 1.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin,
or the leopard his spots?—Jer. xiii. 23.

Give me his gage.—Lions make leopards tame ;
Yea, but not change his spots.

—Richard II., Act 1, Scene 1

And fear not them which kill the body,
but are not able to kill the soul.—Matt.
x. 28.

Thou had'st but power over his mortal body ;
His soul thou can'st not have.

—Richard III., Act 1, Scene 2.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted.—Ps. cxix. 71.

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

—As You Like It, Act 2, Scene 1.

The poor is hated even of his own neighbor. All the brethren of the poor do hate him ; how much more do his friends go far from him ?—Prov. xiv. 20 ; xix. 7.

The great man down, mark you, his favorite flies.

—Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 2.

A good name is better than precious ointment.—Eccl. vii. 1.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

—Richard II., Act 1, Scene 1.

For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.—Ex. xx. 5.

Yes, truly ; for, look you, the sins of the fathers are to be laid upon the children.

—Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Scene 5.

The fathers have eaten a sour grape,
and the children's teeth are set on edge.
—Jer. xxxi. 29.

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.

—Henry IV., Part First, Act 3, Scene 1.

Now let Daniel be called, and he will
show the interpretation. . . . Then
Daniel answered and said before the
king, I will read the writing unto the
king, and make known the interpreta-
tion.—Daniel v. 12, 17.

A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!

—Merchant of Venice, Act 4, Scene 1

And he found a new jawbone of an
ass, and put forth his hand, and took it,
and slew a thousand men therewith.—
Judges xv. 15.

O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson!

—Love's Labor's Lost, Act 1, Scene 2

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.--Prov. xii. 4.

A constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure.

—Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 1.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.—Job i. 21.

I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient.

—Henry IV., Part Second, Act 1, Scene 2.

Behold they belch out with their mouth; swords are in their lips.—Ps. lix. 7.

'Tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile.

—Cymbeline, Act 3, Scene 4.

Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest;

for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things.—Rom. ii. 1.

Go to your bosom ;
Knock there ; and ask your heart what it doth
know
That's like my brother's fault ; if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

—Measure for Measure, Act 2, Scene 2.

And all the first-born of the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the first-born of the maid-servant that is behind the mill.—Ex. xi. 5.

If I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

—Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 5, Scene 1.

Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and

we turn about their whole body.—
James iii. 3.

For those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them
gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
spur them,
Till they obey the manage.

—Henry VIII., Act 5, Scene 2.

A father of the fatherless, and a judge
of the widows, is God in his holy habi-
tation.—Ps. lxxviii. 5.

Where, then, alas! may I complain myself?
To God, the widow's champion and defence.

—Richard II., Act 1, Scene 2.

Put on therefore, as the elect of God,
holy and beloved, bowels of mercies,
kindness, humbleness of mind, meek-
ness, long-suffering.—1 Col. iii. 12.

Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition.

Henry VIII., Act 5, Scene 3.

Pride goeth before destruction, and
a haughty spirit before a fall.—Prov.
xvi. 18.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition ; which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

—Macbeth, Act 1, Scene 7.

And I will give unto thee the keys of
the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. xvi. 19.

You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell.

—Othello, Act 4, Scene 2.

If it be possible, as much as lieth in
you, live peaceably with all men.—Rom.
xii. 18.

If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep
peace ; if he break the peace, he ought to en-
ter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

—Much Ado About Nothing, Act 2, Scene 3.

And he said, What hast thou done ?
the voice of thy brother's blood crieth

unto me from the ground.—Gen. iv.
10.

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for vengeance, and rough chastisement.

—Richard II., Act 1, Scene 1.

If thou be the son of God, cast thy-
self down : for it is written, He shall
give his angels charge concerning thee.
—Matt. iv. 6.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.

—Merchant of Venice, Act 1, Scene 3.

And it shall be, that thou shalt drink
of the brook ; and I have commanded
the ravens to feed thee there.—1 Kings
xvii. 4.

Come on, poor babe ;

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ra-
vens

To be thy nurses.

—Winter's Tale, Act 2, Scene 3.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.—Ps. cxxi. 4.

If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.

—Pericles, Act 1, Scene 4.

And Jesus knew their thoughts, and said unto them, Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation; and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand.—Matt. xii. 25.

O! if you rear this house against this house,
It will the wofulest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.

—Richard II., Act 4, Scene 1.

Now the chief priests and elders and all the council sought false witness against Jesus to put him to death.—Matt. xxvi. 59.

Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth.

—Henry VIII., Act 5, Scene 1.

And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to him, and saith, Master, Master; and kissed him.—Mark xiv. 45.

To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master;
And cried "All hail!" when he meant all harm.
—Henry VI., Part Third, Act 5, Scene 7.

And he answered and said, He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.—Matt. xxvi. 23.

Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish?
—Timon of Athens, Act 3, Scene 2.

And as they sat and did eat, Jesus said, Verily I say unto you, one of you which eateth with me shall betray me.—Mark xiv. 18.

O! then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best.
—Winter's Tale, Act 1, Scene 2.

And Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, she judged Israel at that time.

But Barak pursued after the chariots, and after the host, unto Harosheth of the Gentiles; and all the hosts of Sisera fell upon the edge of the sword; and there was not a man left.—Judges iv. 4, 16.

Stay, stay thy hand! thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

—Henry VI., Part First, Act 1, Scene 2.

When I therefore was thus minded, did I use lightness? or the things that I purpose, do I purpose according to the flesh, that with me there should be yea, yea, and nay, nay?—2 Cor. i. 17.

To say ay, and no, to everything I said! Ay and no, too, was no good divinity.

—King Lear, Act 4, Scene 6.

How much less to him that accepteth not the persons of princes, nor regard-

eth the rich more than the poor?—Job
xxxiv. 19.

Though I speak it to you, I think the king is but
a man, as I am ; the violet smells to him as it
doth to me ; all his senses have but human con-
ditions ; his ceremonies laid by, in his naked-
ness he appears but a man.

—Henry V., Act 4, Scene 1.

See, God is witness betwixt me and
thee.—Gen. xxxi. 50.

God above deal between me and thee.

—Macbeth, Act 4, Scene 3.

For the Lord is a God of judgment ;
blessed are all they that wait for him.—
Isa. xxx. 18.

O thou, that judgest all things, stay my thoughts ;
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God :
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 3, Scene 2.

For they bind heavy burdens and
grievous to be borne, and lay them on

men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers.—Matt. xxiii. 4.

Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.
—Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 3.

Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.—Matt. v. 15.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
—Merchant of Venice, Act 5, Scene 1.

Thou shalt not kill.—Ex. xx. 13.
Jesus said, Thou shalt do no murder.—Matt. xix. 18.

The great King of Kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder.
—Richard II., Act 1, Scene 4.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.—Gen. ix. 6.

Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.
—Timon of Athens, Act 3, Scene 5.

And being forty days tempted of the devil.—Luke iv. 2.

And shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
—Richard III., Act 4, Scene 4.

For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh.—Matt. xix. 5.

My mother; father and mother is man and wife,
man and wife is one flesh.
—Hamlet, Act 4, Scene 3.

And he said, The Lord is my rock,
and my fortress, and my deliverer.—2
Sam. xxii. 2.

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
—Henry VI., Part First, Act 2, Scene 1.

And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.—Gen. iv. 11.

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,

Then let the earth be drunken with our blood.

—Henry VI., Part Third, Act 2, Scene 3.

Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.—Gal. i. 8.

And if an angel should have come to me
And told me, Herbert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him.

—King John, Act 4, Scene 1.

In the dark they dig thro' houses;
. . . they know not the light; for
the morning is to them even as the
shadow of death.—Job xxiv. 16, 17.

Come, thick night!

And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,

That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes ;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, Hold, hold !

—Macbeth, Act 1, Scene 5.

Surely thou also art one of them,
for thy speech bewrayeth thee.—Matt.
xxvi. 73.

Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile.

—Coriolanus, Act 5, Scene 3.

And God made two great lights ;
the greater light to rule the day, and
the lesser light to rule the night.—Gen.
i. 16.

To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night.

—Tempest, Act 1, Scene 2.

For that which befalleth the sons of
men befalleth beasts ; so that a man

hath no pre-eminence above a beast.—
Eccl. iii. 19.

Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's.

—King Lear, Act 2, Scene 4.

And Jephtha judged Israel six years.
—Judges xii. 7.

O Jephtha, Judge of Israel, what treasure hadst
thou.

—Hamlet, Act 2, Scene 2.

And there was a certain beggar
named Lazarus, which was laid at his
gate, full of sores, and desiring to be
fed with the crumbs which fell from the
rich man's table; moreover the dogs
came and licked his sores.—Luke xvi.
20, 21.

As ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth.
Where the glutton's dogs licked his sores.

—Henry IV., Part First, Act 4, Scene 2.

CHAPTER II.

OF SHAKSPEARE'S RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES AND SENTIMENTS DERIVED FROM THE BIBLE.

I AM now to enter upon that which is the most important, and, I trust, will be found the most interesting, part of my undertaking. I am to show how scriptural, and consequently how true and just, are the conceptions which Shakspeare entertained of the Being and Attributes of God, of His general and particular Providence, of His revelation to man, of our duty toward Him and toward each other; of human life and human death; of time and eternity—in a word, of every subject which it most concerns us as rational and responsible beings to conceive.

Section I.

OF THE BEING AND NATURE OF GOD.

To begin, then, with the titles and attributes of God. Among the names by which He is revealed to us in Scripture are these: The Lord of Hosts, the King Immortal, the King of Kings.

In Part First of "King Henry VI." the Bishop of Winchester, Cardinal Beaufort, thus speaks of the deceased King Henry V. in the presence of his corpse, lying in state :

He was a king, blessed of the King of Kings,
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought.

—Act I, Scene I.

Among the attributes of God, we have been taught by revelation that He knows all things; that He sees all things, even our most secret thoughts; that He neither slumbers nor sleeps; and that His Providence is over all His works.

Accordingly, our poet speaks of him as "The All Seer," in "King Richard III.," Act 5, Scene 1; and even in "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," where the characters are heathen, we read of

Powers
That give Heaven countless eyes to view men's
acts.

—Act 1, Scene 1.

Truly, therefore, it is said by *Helena* to the *King of France* :

It is not so with *Him that all things knows*
As 'tis with us that square our guess with shows ;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
—All's Well That Ends Well, Act 2, Scene 1.

Justly, too, does *Hermione* express her confidence when falsely accused :

If powers divine
Behold our human actions, *as they do*,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.

—Winter's Tale, Act 3, Scene 2.

In "Hamlet" we read :

There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

—Act 5, Scene 2.

And again in good old *Adam*, in "As You Like It :"

I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father ;
Take that : and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age.

—Act 2, Scene 3.

The Bible teaches us that God is no respecter of persons ; nor regardeth the rich more than the poor, for they are all the work of His hands.

Perdita. I was not much afeared : for once, or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.

—Winter's Tale, Act 4, Scene 3.

The justice of God is asserted in the following :

Is this your Christian counsel ? out upon ye !
Heaven is above all yet : there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

—Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 1.

And in Henry VI. :

O Thou, that judgest all things, stay my
thoughts ;

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God :
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 3, Scene 2.

And he who “giveth sight to the blind,” and “light to him that is in misery ;” thus, in “King Henry VI.,” Part Second :

King Henry. Now God be praised, that to believing souls,

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.

—Act 2, Scene 1.

But of all others, the well-known speech of *Portia*, in the “Merchant of

Venice," exhibits the divine attribute of mercy and forgiveness most clearly, and with the plainest reference to Holy Scripture:

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in THE MIGHTIEST ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;

It is an attribute to God Himself :

And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

—Act 4, Scene 1.

Section II.

OF THE HOLY ANGELS, AND THE
FALLEN.

A devout invocation for the ministering help of the Holy Angels is not to be confounded with the impiety of addressing them in prayer. The one is encouraged, the other forbidden, in Holy Scripture. In "Measure for Measure" we find :

Oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience !

—Act 5, Scene 1.

Or, of *Hamlet*, at the sight of the
Ghost :

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !

—Act 1, Scene 4.

Are they not all ministering spirits,
sent forth to minister for them that shall
be heirs of salvation ?—Heb. i. 14.

And again, when the *Ghost* reappears in Act 3 :

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards.

And how pious and touching is the farewell of *Horatio* when *Hamlet* dies :

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet
prince ;

And *flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.*

—Act 5, Scene 2.

We know from St. Luke, xv. 10, what is the great occasion of “joy in the presence of the angels of God.” It is in accordance with the same revealed truth that our poet sings :

Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

—As You Like It, Act 5, Scene 4.

It is an opinion held by tradition in the Church, and by many Christian people, that pride, or ambition, was the

sin which led to the fall of Satan and his associate angels. To this opinion our poet refers in the well-known farewell speech of Cardinal Wolsey to his servant Cromwell :

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin *fell the angels* ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't.

—King Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 2.

The Scripture speaks of Satan as “the Prince of this world,” and “the Father of lies.” In King Henry IV., Part First, we find :

And I can teach thee, coz, to shame *the devil*,
By telling truth.

—Act 3, Scene 1.

The power which we learn from St. Paul that Satan possesses of “transforming himself into an angel of light,” 2 Cor. xi. 14, is ascribed to him in “Hamlet :”

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.

—Act 2, Scene 2.

And in "Othello:"

When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows.

—Act 2, Scene 3.

It is written, they appear to men like angels of
light.

—Comedy of Errors, Act 4, Scene 3.

Section III.

OF GOD'S GOODNESS IN CREATION,
AND IN THE REDEMPTION OF MAN.

How comprehensive is the view which our poet has taken of the goodness of creation in all its stages, from the composition of the simplest herb up to the crowning work of all—the soul of man! And how natural the transition from the rising of day out of night, of the light out of darkness, to the reproduction of all things out of the

earth, to which they fall and sink into a grave! How just, also, and how Scriptural, the representation, that though all things were made "very good" by the Creator, His creature, man, has the power of perverting them to evil, and abuse that power, or will keep it in subjection, according as he follows the guiding power of his own free will, or obeys the dictates of conscience and the spirit of grace. I allude to the scene in "Romeo and Juliet," before *Friar Laurence's* cell, where the friar, entering with a basket, thus soliloquizes :

The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
And flecked darkness *like a drunkard reels*,
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels.

Was our poet indebted here to that bold figure of the prophet Isaiah, "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard?"

St. James says: "When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

In "King Henry IV.," Part Second, we read:

The time shall come, that foul sin, gathering
head,
Shall break into corruption.

One feature of the theological belief of Shakspeare may be learned from the first clause in his will:

"First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator; hoping, and assuredly believing, *through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour*, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

It is in accordance with this Christian hope and belief that *Clarence* is made to say to the men who had been sent to murder him in the tower:

I charge you, as you hope to have *redemption*

*By Christ's dear blood, shed for our grievous
sins,*

That you depart, and lay no hands on me.

—Richard III., Act 1, Scene 4.

And in King Henry IV., Part First,
Palestine is described as

Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

The universality of the disease of sin
is indicated in "Measure for Measure,"
where the virtuous *Isabella* thus speaks
to *Angelo*, the wicked Lord Deputy, in
the *Duke's* absence :

Alas ! Alas !

Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are ? O think on that ;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.—Act 2, Scene 2.

Section IV.

OF HUMAN LIFE, AND OF "THE WORLD."

It is worthy of the position which Wolsey had held in church and state that his voice should be made the instrument, at the close of his career, to recommend, in a few words, all the great points of the highest Christian morality, however he himself had fallen short in his own practice of them. I refer to the speech in which he gave his final charge to Cromwell.

Love thyself last. *Cherish those hearts that
hate thee.*

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell !

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

—King Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 2.

Here we have duty to God, to our neighbor, to our country ; renunciation of self ; love of enemies ; the practical study of truth, of justice, of integrity, and of peaceableness.

And this in regard to worldly prudence ; the words of *Polonius* to his son :

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
Take every man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

—Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 3.

This is but an echo of the words of St. James :

Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.—James i. 19.

The doctrine of the depravity of human nature is illustrated by the following passages :

Who lives that's not
Depraved or depraves ?
All is oblique :
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villany.

—Timon of Athens, Act 4, Scene 3.

We find also the comparison, “ life is a shuttle,” in “ Merry Wives of Windsor,” Act 5, Scene 2, which requires Job (vii. 6) to interpret it : “ My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.” And as the Psalmist complains, “ Thou hast made my days, as it were, *a span* long,” so we read in “ As You Like It :”

How brief the life of man !
The stretching of a *span*
Buckles in his sum of age.

—Act 3, Scene 2.

And there is nothing in which he is more emphatic than in representing the act of suicide as a direct violation of the Divine law.

O! that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.

—Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 2.

And in “Cymbeline :”

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand.

—Act 3, Scene 4.

Section V.

OF SIN AND REPENTANCE.

O! cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,
With saints doth bait thy hook! most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.

—Measure for Measure, Act 2, Scene 3.

What stronger *breastplate* than a *heart un-*
tainted?

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just ;

And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 3, Scene 2.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

—Henry VI., Part Third, Act 5, Scene 6.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss ;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

—Hamlet, Act 4, Scene 5.

O! coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

—Richard III., Act 5, Scene 3.

The dialogue between the two murderers who had been sent to assassinate the Duke of Clarence is an extraordinary instance of our poet's deep acquaintance with the most secret workings of the human heart.

1st Murderer. What, if thy conscience come to thee again?

2d Murderer. I'll not meddle with it, it is a

dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward ; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him ; a man cannot swear, but it checks him ; a man cannot lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects him.

—Richard III., Act 1, Scene 4.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the world o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes.

—Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 2.

Section VI.

OF FAITH AND THANKFULNESS TOWARD GOD.

“Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man,” is a scriptural precept which Shakspeare has not been slow to echo, nor has he failed to do full justice to the contrast with which the Scriptures so often accompany that precept, viz.: the duty and the satisfaction of placing our trust in God.

O ! momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !

Who builds his hope in air, of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

—Richard III., Act 3, Scene 4.

As Cardinal Wolsey “tumbled down”
from the eminence to which he had been
raised, and thereby was led, all too late,
to exclaim :

O! Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

—Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 2.

In the scene which discovers the murder
of *King Duncan*, in the castle of
Macbeth, *Banquo* exclaims :

Fears and scruples shake us :
IN THE GREAT HAND OF GOD I STAND : and,
thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

—Macbeth, Act 2, Scene 3.

The duty of thankfulness for God's goodness is here finely expressed :

Poor soul ! God's goodness hath been great to thee :

Let never day nor night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what THE LORD hath done.

—Henry VI., Part First, Act 2, Scene 1.

And *King Henry V.*, after the English had defeated the French in the battle of Agincourt, exclaims :

O ! God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all. When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other ? Take it, God,
For it is only thine !

—Henry V., Act 4, Scene 8.

The following in regard to saying grace before meat is amusing :

1st Gent. There's not a soldier of us all that,
in *the thanksgiving before meat*, doth relish
the petition well that prays for peace.

2d Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee ; for I think thou never wast where grace was said.

2d Gent. No ? a dozen times at least.

1st Gent. What ? in metre ?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.
—Measure for Measure, Act 1, Scene 2.

Or this :

Falstaff. I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king—as, God save thy grace (majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none)—

P. Hen. What, none ?

Fal. No, by my troth ; not so much as will serve to be *prologue to an egg and butter.*

—Henry IV., Part First, Act 1, Scene 2.

In the “Taming of the Shrew,” *Petruchio* says to *Katharina*, when supper is brought in :

Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I ?

—Act 4, Scene 1.

*Section VII.*OF THE DUTY AND EFFICACY OF
PRAYER.

There are few subjects of literary contemplation more interesting or more profitable than to observe the hold which a great practical subject like that of Prayer had upon a mind like that of Shakspeare.

What's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down?

—Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 3.

O! Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine :
And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to
THEE,

Thou setter up and plucker down of kings !
Beseeching Thee—if with Thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey—
Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.

Henry VI., Part Third, Act 2, Scene 3.

Before the battle of Bosworth Field, in which the wicked usurper, Richard III., was overthrown, not only does *Richmond* exhort his followers to march in God's name, and bids them—

Remember this,—

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side :
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks stand before our
faces.

—Richard III., Act 5, Scene 3.

but he makes in private a set prayer to the same effect when he retires to rest upon the night before the battle.

O, Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye :
Make us Thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise Thee in Thy victory!
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
Sleeping and waking, O! defend me still!

—Richard III., Act 5, Scene 3.

The *Duke of Buckingham*, in "Henry VIII.," having been found guilty of treason, when led forth to ex-

ecution thus entreats the few that loved him :

Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to heaven.

—Henry VIII., Act 2, Scene 1.

Shakspeare had learned, and desired to teach, that it is most especially

A virtuous and a *Christian-like* conclusion
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

—Richard III., Act 1, Scene 3.

i.e., for them which despitefully use us (Matt. v. 44).

There are two points in regard to the duty of prayer, which we should expect that Shakspeare would not overlook. One is, that our prayers should be *real*, and not lip-service, merely, and must proceed from the heart alone.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
 Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

—Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 3.

And again, in "Measure for Measure," the duplicity is exposed of professing to offer up prayer while the heart is bent upon yielding to temptation, in the person of the licentious Deputy, *Angelo*.

When I would pray, and think, I think and pray
To several subjects : Heaven hath *my empty*
words ;

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel.

—Act 2, Scene 4.

Corresponding to the passage :
"Forasmuch as this people draw near
to me with their mouth, and with their
lips do honor me, but have removed
their heart far from me."—Isa. xxix. 13.

Section VIII.

OF DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

We should be glad to be able to feel
assured that the marriage of our poet,

though it took place before he was nineteen (his wife being eight years older), did not prove an unhappy one. Doubtless it assisted to give him, when he was still young, his deep insight into female character; and the draught of his female personages, on the whole, would lead us to suppose that, as he had been prepossessed in favor of the gentler sex, so the experience which he afterward enjoyed tended to confirm the first good impressions. The views which he has expressed of the conjugal union are such as do him honor; and it is only fair, therefore, to conclude, that though he married early, he did not do so unadvisedly, or without a due regard to the sacredness of the tie, which it is certain he had learned in his maturer years to regard in its proper light. Thus, in "Twelfth Night" the priest describes the marriage of *Sebastian* to *Olivia* as

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings :
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function.

—Act 5, Scene 1.

In “King Henry V.,” *Isabel, Queen of France*, is made to say, at the marriage of the English king with her daughter *Katharine* :

God, *the best maker of all marriages*,
Combine your hearts in one.

—Act 5, Scene 2.

Nor are the words that follow less worthy of the subject and the occasion, though she who uttered them proved untrue :

I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity,
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus.

—Troilus and Cressida, Act 4, Scene 2.

I notice, too, that the prohibition in Leviticus xviii. 6—None of you shall ap-

proach (in marriage) to any that is *near of kin to him*—is brought out by *Beatrice* in “*Much Ado About Nothing*”—

No, uncle, I'll none : Adam's sons are my
brothers ; and truly I hold it a sin to match in
my kindred.

—Act 2, Scene 1.

What I am next to quote would, perhaps, never have been written if a passage in St. Paul, Eph. v. 23, had not been running in the poet's mind. I allude to the dialogue between the *Provost* and *Clown* in “*Measure for Measure*”—

Provost : Come hither, sirrah : Can you cut off a
man's head ?

Clown : If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can ;
but if he be a married man, *he is his wife's
head*, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

—Act 4, Scene 2.

In “*Taming of the Shrew*,” *Katharine*, having ceased to be a *shrew*, under the discipline of *Petruchio*, gives

the following advice to her sisters, who are married, but have not yet learned to be obedient to their husbands :

Fye, fye ! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair
buds ;

And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee ;
And for thy maintenance, commits his body
To painful labor, both by sea and land ;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe :
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.

I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
Where they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts ?

—Taming of the Shrew, Act 5, Scene 2.

And those sublime and touching words of *Queen Katharine* to her corrupt judges in “Henry VIII.” The licentious king had fallen in love with *Anne Bullen*, one of the maids of honor, and was seeking authority through the cardinals and bishops of Rome to divorce *Katharine*. *Katharine* appeals to these her judges—

Have I lived thus long—a wife, a true one ?
A woman (I dare say, without vain glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion ?
Have I with all my full affections,
Still met the king ? loved him next to heaven ?
obeyed him ?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honor—a great patience.

—Henry VIII., Act 3, Scene 1.

Here is a lesson in regard to the duty of children toward their parents. How pathetically is this lesson read to *Coriolanus* by his mother, *Volumnia* :

Say my request is unjust,
And spurn me back : but if it be so,
Thou art not honest and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrainst from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.

—*Coriolanus*, Act 5, Scene 3.

In “*King Lear*” we see the deformity and misery of filial ingratitude in the strongest light :

Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster !
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

—*King Lear*, Act 1, Scene 4.

In one of his last written plays, “*Twelfth Night*,” our poet has left a warning against the step which he himself had taken—yet a warning put in such a way, that with true delicacy of feel-

ing, it reflects upon himself more than upon her who had been the object of his choice :

Duke. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than woman's are.

*Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.*

—Twelfth Night, Act 2, Scene 4.

Section IX.

OF CHARITY AND MERCIFULNESS.

If we are to lay a solid foundation of moral duty, we must first learn to entertain a just abhorrence of its opposite. "O ye that *love* the Lord, *hate* evil."—Ps. xcvi. 10.

In "King Richard III," *Clarence* thus

speaks to one of the men who were sent by *Gloster* to murder him in the Tower :

Erroneous vassal ! The great King of Kings
Hath in the *Table of His law* commanded
That thou shalt do no murder ; wilt thou, then,
Spurn at His edict, and fulfil a man's ?
Take heed ; for He holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

In the play of "Hamlet," the wicked king, in attempting to repent, retires and kneels. *Hamlet*, entering unobserved, says to himself, with reference to the act of murder which he is contemplating :

Now I might do it, pat, now he is praying ;
And now I'll do't ;—and so he goes to heaven :
And so am I revenged. That would be scanned :
A villain kills my father: and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, *full of bread* ;
With all his crimes broad blown.

—Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 3.

The words "full of bread" afford a remarkable instance of Shakspeare's intimate acquaintance with Holy Scriptures. See a parallel in Ezekiel xvi. 49.

The following beautiful description of the compassionate and charitable man may well incline us to do likewise. *King Henry IV.* is speaking of his son, the *Prince of Wales*, afterward Henry V. :

He is gracious if he be observed ;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.
—Henry IV., Part Second, Act 4, Scene 4.

Our poet has not only taught us these lessons, but the still higher doctrine which he could have learnt only from the Word of God, viz., not "to render evil for evil," but "to overcome evil with good." Thus we see in "Richard III. :"

God bids us do good for evil.

And again we read in "As You Like It :"

Kindness is nobler ever than revenge.

In the "Merchant of Venice" we have these words :

We do pray for mercy :
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

—Act 4, Scene 1.

And if we fail to act thus, *Portia*, in the same play, adds :

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none ?
As thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Compare James ii. 13.

And that *a multitude is not to be followed in doing evil*, where could we find a more just, though laughable, illustration than in the words of *Fluellen*,

in the English camp, before the battle of Agincourt?

If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb: in your conscience now?

—Henry V., Act 4, Scene 1.

Section X.

OF DILIGENCE, SOBRIETY, AND CHASTITY.

Nature craves

All dues be rendered to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
 Of nature be corrupted thro' affection—

.
 There is a law in each well-ordered nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king—
 As it is known she is—these *moral laws*
Of nature and of nations speak loud

To have her back returned: Thus to persist

In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy.

—Troilus and Cressida, Act 2, Scene 2.

And in “Measure for Measure” our poet follows the severity of the Mosaic law, that those who commit the sins more immediately forbidden by this commandment are worthy of death no less than those who commit murder.

It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's
image

In stamps that are forbid.

—Act 2, Scene 4.

In the play of “Othello,” a drinking bout has ended in a quarrel, and *Othello*, coming in, exclaims :

Why, how now, ho ! from whence ariseth this ?
Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?
For Christian shame, *put by this barbarous
brawl.*

—Act 2, Scene 2.

We are warned against idleness as the certain mother of evil—

O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick winds lie still.

And next resolves :

I must from this enchanting queen break off :
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.

—Antony and Cleopatra, Act 1, Scene 2.

As idleness is the root of vice, so diligence, together with the desire of self-improvement, is the best road to virtue, as is taught in these comprehensive and emphatic words :

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 4, Scene 7.

In speaking of the cultivation of the body, we should not forget the teaching in 1 Peter iii. 3, or in Shakspeare :

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich :

And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,

So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

—Taming of the Shrew, Act 4, Scene 3.

Section XI.

OF JUSTICE AND HUMANITY.

We are told in “Measure for Measure” of a certain “sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the *Ten Commandments*, but scraped one—the eighth—out of the table” (Act 1, Scene 2). “To be honest, as this world goes,” says *Hamlet* to *Polonius*, “is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.” And in “*Timon of Athens*” it is the remark of one of the three strangers, that “Policy sits above conscience” (Act 3, Scene 2).

The truth illustrated by the parable of the Prodigal Son is thus alluded to:

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker, or a *prodigal*,
 The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
 How *like the prodigal doth she return*;
 With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and *beggar'd* by the strumpet wind!
 —Merchant of Venice, Act 2, Scene 6.

In "As You Like It," *Oliver*, in speaking to his unkind and unnatural brother, *Orlando*, says :

Shall I keep *hogs*, and *eat husks* with them?
 What *prodigal portion have I spent that I should*
come to this penury?
 —Act 1, Scene 4.

Against the evils of covetousness our poet has given us no feeble or unfrequent warning. Thus, in King "Henry IV.," Part Second, he bids us note :

How quickly nature falls into revolt
 When gold becomes her object.
 —Act 4, Scene 4.

And in "Romeo and Juliet," when *Romeo* hands to the apothecary a sum

of money in payment for the poison which the latter, though forbidden to sell it under pain of death, had allowed him to purchase, we read as follows :

There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st
not sell :

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

—Act 5, Scene 1.

Section XII.

OF THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE TONGUE.

“I will speak daggers,” says *Hamlet*, using a metaphor which the Bible has made familiar to us. “Swords are in their lips,” says the Psalmist (lix.7). And, again, “Who whet their tongue like a sword, and bend their bows to shoot their arrows—even bitter words” (lxiv. 3).

In "Cymbeline" we read :

'Tis slander ;
 Whose edge is sharper than a sword ; whose
 tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world : kings, queens, and
 states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.

—Act 3, Scene 4.

Good name in man, and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
 Who steals my purse, steals trash ;
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

—Othello, Act 3, Scene 3.

It is in the same strain that the *Duke of Norfolk* declares, in "King Richard II. : "

The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is spotless reputation ; that away,
 Men are but gilded loam, and painted clay.

—Act 1, Scene 1.

And in "Measure for Measure," *Isa-*

bella, in pleading with the wicked Deputy, says :

Go to your bosom ;
Knock there ; and ask your heart what it doth
know
That's like my brother's fault : if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

—Act 2, Scene 2.

This is in keeping with what St. Paul has taught us, viz. : that in judging others the consequence is that we condemn ourselves (Rom. ii. 1) ; an idea which our poet has again caught, and admirably intensified, when he makes *Timon* ask :

Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men ?
—*Timon of Athens*, Act 5, Scene 1.

But charity itself may compel us to administer rebuke. Thus, *Hamlet* testifies, in speaking to his mother :

I must be cruel, only to be kind.
—Act 3, Scene 4.

And how wise, accordingly, is the conclusion of *Benedick*, in "Much Ado About Nothing."

Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending.

—Act 2, Scene 3.

The Scripture says (Luke vi. 26): "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you." And how ingeniously has this sentiment been adopted by Shakspeare, in "Timon of Athens:"

Timon. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcibiades. I never did thee harm.

Timon. Yea, *thou spok'st well of me.*

Alcibiades. Call'st thou that harm?

Timon. Men daily find it such.

—Act 4, Scene 3.

See, also, the dialogue between the *Duke* and the *Clown*, in "Twelfth Night:"

Duke. How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary ; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir ; the worse.

Duke. How can that be ?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me : now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass ; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself ; and by my friends I am abused.

—Act 5, Scene 1.

Let another man praise thee ; and not thine own mouth.—Prov. xxvii. 2.

We wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings when of ourselves we publish them.

—All's Well That Ends Well, Act 1, Scene 3.

Section XIII.

OF HUMILITY, CONTENTMENT, AND RESIGNATION.

We may well believe that Shakspeare's own experience in life, especially in his early days, had sufficiently confirmed the truth, which he might

have learned from Scripture, that happiness, if it is to be expected at all in this world, is not to be looked for merely in external circumstances.

Take heed (said our Lord), and beware of covetousness ; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.—Luke xii. 15.

In King Henry VI., Part Third, we read :

2d Keeper. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Henry. Why, so I am *in mind*, and that's enough.

2d Keeper. But if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

K. Henry. My crown is *in my heart*, not on my head ;

Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen ; my crown is called CONTENT ;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

—Henry VI., Part Third, Act 3, Scene 1.

Griffith speaks of *Cardinal Wolsey* in
“ Henry VIII. : ”

His overthrow heaped happiness upon him,

For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the *blessedness of being little.*

—Act 4, Scene 2.

And this was spoken by *Anne* in the
same play :

Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And *range with humble livers in content,*
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

—Act 2, Scene 3.

And in the same play we meet also
with the rule, which we have so much
need to bear in mind, if the pleasures of
life are to be wisely and innocently en-
joyed :

Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

—Act 2, Scene 3.

Nerissa, in the “ Merchant of Venice,”
declares :

It is no mean happiness to be seated *in the mean.*

And the blinded *Gloster*, in “ King
Lear,” confesses :

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,

*Our means secure us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.*

—Act 4, Scene 1.

In “King Henry V. :”

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest *stillness* and *humility*.

—Act 1, Scene 1.

We cannot reasonably doubt that when our poet wrote, in “King Richard II.,” “Pride must have a fall,” he had in mind that saying in the Book of Proverbs: “Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.” The same idea occurs again in the well-known lines of “Macbeth :”

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting *ambition*, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other [side].

—Act 1, Scene 7.

To his mother, the widowed *Queen Elizabeth*, in her affliction for the death of her husband, *King Edward IV.*, the *Marquis of Dorset* thus administers

consolation, founded upon the well-known passage in the Book of Job (i. 21):

Comfort, dear mother ; God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing ;
In common worldly things 'tis call'd—ungrate-
ful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

—Richard III., Act 2, Scene 2.

The Bible teaches that it is “good to be afflicted.” So we learn, upon the testimony of the banished *Duke*, in “As You Like It :”

Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

—Act 2, Scene 1.

And *Leontes* confesses, in “Winter’s Tale :”

Affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.

—Act 5, Scene 3.

We find the following picture of domestic contentment in the words of *Corin* the shepherd, in "As You Like It:"

Corin. Sir, I am a true laborer : I earn that I eat, get that I wear ; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness ; glad of other men's good, content with my harm : and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

—Act 3, Scene 2.

Section XIV.

OF HOLY SCRIPTURE, AND THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

He strikes off hypocrisy in this fashion :

In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and *approve it with a text*,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.

—Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Scene 2.

And in "King Henry IV.," Part Second, we read :

O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place ;
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
As a false favorite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonorable ? You have taken up,
Under counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father ;
And both against the peace of Heaven and him,
Have here upswarmed them.

—Act 4, Scene 2.

The *King*, in "Henry VI.," Part Second, thus rebukes his great-uncle, *Cardinal Beaufort*, Bishop of Winchester :

Fye, uncle Beaufort ! I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin :
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same ?

Act 3, Scene 1.

Or, as St. Paul expresses it, "Thou which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself ?" (Rom. ii. 21.) Thus, too, the amiable *Ophelia*, when she listens

to the good advice of her brother, *Larertes*, assures him :

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my
brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read [lesson].

—Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 3.

And in the “Merchant of Venice”
we read :

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

—Act 1, Scene 2.

In “Measure for Measure,” the *Duke*, in the disguise of a monk, thus consoles *Claudio*, who is in prison, and under sentence of death :

Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more.

—Act 3, Scene 1.

-And *Hamlet* soliloquizes :

To die—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the
rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

—Act 3, Scene 1.

We must not lay any great stress upon what passes in conversation between two such worthies as *Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek* and *Sir Toby Belch*; yet the following dialogue indicates a certain amount of popular feeling, and I think we may gather from it that our poet desired to side with those who could feel respect for piety and earnestness in any shape.

Sir Toby. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Maria. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir Andrew. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir Toby. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

Sir Andrew. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

—Twelfth Night, Act 2, Scene 3.

Polonius, in “Hamlet,” says :

We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved,—that with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

—Act 3, Scene 1.

In passing from the first scene of the Christian life to the last, from baptism to burial, we find, in “Cymbeline,” the *rationale* of interment with the face toward the east alluded to, and also the beautiful custom of strewing the grave with flowers described in language no less beautiful. The two brothers are engaged in burying *Fidele* :

Guiderius. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east :

My father hath a reason for't.

—Act 4, Scene 2.

The "reason" could not properly have been in the mouth of a pagan.

Arviragus. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ;
nor

The azured hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath : the ruddock
would,

With charitable bill, bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

[*Re-enter Belarius.*

Belarius. Here's a few flowers ; but about mid-
night, more :

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the
night

Are strewings fitt'st for graves.

—Cymbeline, Act 4, Scene 2.

Section XV.

OF POLITICS—PEACE AND WAR.

Shakspeare loved his own country no less than the prophets of old loved their chosen land, from his enthusiastic descriptions of it and its inhabitants :

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone, set in silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear
land.

—Richard II, Act 2, Scene 1.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them : Naught shall make
us rue
If England to itself do rest but true.

—King John, Act 5, Scene 7.

The estimate of a mere worldly politician, without faith in God, as *Governor of the World*, may be gathered

from an observation of *Hamlet*, in the grave-digger's scene, where, when one of the clowns had thrown up a skull, he says :

This might be the pate of a politician, which
this ass now overreaches ! one that *would circumvent God*, might it not ?

—Act 5, Scene 1.

The following is the description given by Shakspeare of the coronation of Queen Anne Bullen in Westminster Abbey :

At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and, saint-
like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.
Then rose again, and bowed her to the people :
When, by the Archbishop of Canterbury,
She had *all the royal makings of a queen*,
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
*The rod, and bird of peace, and all such em-
blems,*
Laid nobly on her : which performed, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*.

—Henry VIII., Act 4, Scene 1.

Anne Bullen was the mother of the renowned Queen Elizabeth, and at her christening Archbishop Cranmer predicts and foreshadows her long and illustrious reign :

This royal infant,—Heaven still move about her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely
graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled in her : truth shall nurse
her ;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor.

Our children's children

Shall see this, and bless her.

K. Henry. Thou speakest wonders.

Cranmer. She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess ; many days shall see her,

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

Would I had known no more ! but she must die :

She must ; the saints must have her : yet a virgin,

A most unspotted lily shall she pass

To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

—Henry VIII., Act 5, Scene 4.

That it is an unhappy thing for a country when its king is under age is a thought which might occur to many minds ; but that the thought should be expressed in words so precisely parallel as those which I here quote could not have happened without actual contact of the mind of one writer with the mind of the other :

Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.—Ecclesiastes x. 16.

Woe to the land that's governed by a child.

—Richard III., Act 2, Scene 3.

Of the horrors of war, Shakspeare says :

O war, thou son of hell,
Whom *angry heavens do make their minister*,
Throw in the frozen bosom of our part
Hot coals of vengeance !

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 5, Scene 2.

Section XVI.

OF DEATH, AND DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The lesson of the dialogue in “Cymbeline” between *Posthumus* and the *Jailer* is remarkable because it proceeds out of the mouth of a heathen :

Jailer. Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

Posthumus. Ready long ago. . . . I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

Jailer. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps, feels not the toothache : but a man that were to *sleep your sleep*, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer ; for look you, sir, *you know not which way you go.*

Posthumus. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Failer. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictured. You must either be directed by some who take upon them to know ; or take upon yourself that which, I am sure, you do not know ; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril : and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll *never return* to tell one.

Posthumus. I tell thee, fellow, *there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.*

—Act 5, Scene 4.

If this be true in a heathen's mouth,
how much more in a Christian's ?

The great Earl of Warwick is made
to speak as follows when he comes to
die :

Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood !
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me ; and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my body's length !
Why, what is *pomp*, rule, reign, but earth and
dust ?

And live we how we can, yet *die we must.*

—Henry VI., Part Third, Act 5, Scene 2.

In "The Winter's Tale," *Dion* says,

with reference to the supposed death of *Hermione*, wife of *King Leontes* :

What were more holy
Than to rejoice, the former queen *is well*?
—Act 5, Scene 1.

Is it well with the child? And she answered, *It is well.*—2 Kings iv. 26.

The following quotation is long, but it will amply repay the reader's attention.

SCENE.—*Cardinal Beaufort's Bedchamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *etc.*

K. Henry. How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—

O! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is;

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair ; look ! look ! it stands up-
right,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul !—
Give me some drink ; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch !

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair !

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him
grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace be to his soul, if God's good
pleasure be !

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

He dies, and makes no sign ; O God, forgive
him !

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close ;
And let us all to meditation.

—Henry VI., Part Second, Act 3, Scene 3.

With this harrowing picture it will be
some relief to compare the death-bed

of another cardinal, also the victim of inordinate ambition—Cardinal Wolsey. It is *Queen Katharine* who asks :

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey : where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honorably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words,—*Oh, father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye :
Give him a little earth for charity !

So went he to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on
him !

Griffith afterward adds :

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him :
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give, *he died fearing God.*

—Henry VIII., Act 4, Scene 2.

The figure found in Luke xvi. 23 is twice alluded to in Shakspeare :

Bolingbroke. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

Carlisle. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to
the bosom of good old Abraham.

—Richard II., Act 4, Scene 1.

King Richard. The sons of Edward sleep in
Abraham's bosom.

—Richard III., Act 4, Scene 4.

The meeting and recognition of friends in heaven is alluded to in the following touching words of *Constance* on the imprisonment and death of her little son *Arthur* by *King John* :

Constance. And, father cardinal, I have heard
you say,

That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven :

If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

—King John, Act 3, Scene 4.

Nor is it on one occasion only that
Shakspeare introduces this sentiment.

Sir, fare ye well ;
Hereafter, *in a better world than this*,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

—As You Like It, Act 1, Scene 2.

Come, Gray ; come, Vaughn ; let us embrace—
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

—Richard III., Act 3, Scene 3.

Of justice as often administered on

earth, contrasted with that which will be exacted in heaven :

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling : there the action lies
In his true nature ; *and we ourselves compelled,*
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

—Hamlet, Act 3, Scene 3.

And when *Hubert* shows to *King John* the warrant which the latter had given for the murder of *Prince Arthur*, the *King* exclaims :

Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and
earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.

—King John, Act 4, Scene 2.

When the young *Lord Clifford*, in "King Henry VI.," Part Second, sees, after the battle of St. Alban's, the hopes of his party blasted, and his father killed, he exclaims :

O! let the vile world end!
 And the *promised flames of the last day*
Knit earth and heaven together!
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease!

—Act 5, Scene 2.

The incestuous marriage of the *Queen*, in “*Hamlet*,” with the murderer of her husband and his own brother, might well seem to call forth from the young prince the utmost abhorrence which words can express :

Heaven’s face doth glow :
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass
 With tristful visage, *as against the doom*,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

—Act 3, Scene 4.

When Shakspeare wrote the following passage, no doubt he had in his mind the picture drawn in 2 Peter iii. 7-11 :

Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air :

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, *the great globe itself,*
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

—Tempest, Act 4, Scene 1.

The following bears direct reference
to Scripture, found in Phil. iv. 3; Rev.
xx. 15; xxi. 27:

No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the Book of Life,
And I from heaven banished, as from hence!

—Richard II., Act 1, Scene 3.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE POETRY OF SHAKSPEARE AS DERIVED FROM THE BIBLE.

I COME now, in the last place, to speak of passages in which Shakspeare has been indebted to Holy Writ, not only for poetical diction and sentiment, but for some of the most striking and sublime images which are to be found in his works.

We are familiar with that simple but most affecting apostrophe with which the vision of Isaiah opens :

“Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth ; for the Lord hath spoken : I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against Me ! ”

All creation is summoned to listen to

the tale of undutifulness, which was felt by the Prophets to be without parallel. It was under the influence of such a feeling that *Hamlet* exclaims, upon his mother's hasty marriage with his uncle, his father's murderer :

Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? Why, she would hang on
him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on : and yet within a month—
Let me not think on't.

—Act 1, Scene 2.

And again the same feeling is aroused and vents itself in a similar exclamation, in the scene between *Hamlet* and his father's *Ghost* :

Ghost. List, list, O list,
If thou didst ever thy dear father love.

Hamlet. O Heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

It is a bold flight of imagination which represents the elements and

heavenly bodies taking part, as allies, in the conflict of human warfare. Thus, in the grandest of all lyrical compositions, the song of Deborah and Barak (Judges v. 20):

“They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.”

In “King Henry VI.,” Part Third, we read:

’Tis better using France, than trusting France;
Let us be *backed with Heaven, and with the sea,*
Which God hath given for fence impregnable,
And *with their helps only defend ourselves:*
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

—Act 4, Scene 1.

Next, in “King Richard II.,” we have a development of the idea suggested, probably, by the destruction of the host of Sennacherib, recorded in 2 Kings xix. and Isaiah xxxvii.:

King Richard. And we are barren, and bereft
of friends;

Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is *mustering in his clouds*, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence: and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot.

—Act 3, Scene 3.

And *Lady Constance*, in “King John,” exclaims:

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd
kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace.

—Act 3, Scene 1.

And *King Lear*, upon the sight of his unnatural daughter, *Goneril*, says:

Who comes here? *O Heavens*,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; *send down and take my part*.

—Act 2, Scene 4.

To pass from this mustering of the elements of warfare to the incidents of war itself. In that most poetic of the books of Scripture, the Book of Job,

the passage which describes the war-horse (xxxix. 19-25), has been considered as one of the most sublime.

In "King Henry IV.," Part Second, we read :

With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-heads; and starting so,
He seemed in running to *devour the way*,
Staying no longer question.

—Act 1, Scene 1.

The transformation of weapons of war into implements of peace is a favorite image with the inspired Prophets. Thus, Isaiah ii. 4: "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks."

We see the contrary transformation in the prophet Joel (iii. 10): "Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong!"

Our poet has given an original turn

to the same idea, by applying it to women :

Ladies, and pale-visaged maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums :
Their *thimbles into armed gauntlets change,*
Their *neelds to lances, and their gentle hearts*
To fierce and bloody inclination.

—King John, Act 5, Scene 2.

Another image of warfare which occurs more than once in the poetical portions of the Bible is that which describes the weapons of war—arrows and the sword—when used to execute God's vengeance, as "drunk with blood" (see Deut. xxxii. 42).

Shakspeare has profited by this in the words which he puts into the mouth of the Earl of Warwick when Richard Plantagenet had told him of his brother's death :

Richard. Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth
hath drunk.

Warwick. Then let the earth *be drunken with*
our blood.

—Henry VI., Part Third, Act 2, Scene 3.

The notion of the earth, with its products, senseless and irrational, exhibiting, or, in the poet's imagination, not unwilling to exhibit, greater powers of sympathy than are to be found among men, has afforded matter for several of Shakspeare's most effective passages :

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense :
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

—Richard II., Act 3, Scene 2.

And that incomparable passage in "Julius Cæsar" where *Marc Antony* appeals to the populace at the funeral of *Cæsar* :

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know :
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Bru-
tus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that would move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

—Act 2, Scene 2.

The striking sublimity with which Paul, when brought before Festus, replied to the governor's exclamation, that "he was beside himself," by the simple denial, "I am not mad, most noble Festus" (Acts xxvi. 25), was not likely to be lost upon our poet's imagination. When the *Queen* accuses *Hamlet*, after the exit of the *Ghost*, which he had seen, of "ecstasy," he answers :

Ecstasy !

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,

And makes as healthful music : *It is not mad-*
ness

That I have uttered.

—Act 3, Scene 4.

So, too, when *Cardinal Pandulph*
says to *Constance*,

Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow,

her reply is :

Thou art not holy to belie me so ;

I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;

My name is *Constance* ; I was *Geffrey's* wife ;

Young *Arthur* is my son, and he is lost—

I am not mad : *I would to heaven I were !*

—*King John*, Act 3, Scene 4.

In another passage, *St. Paul* says (*Galatians* i. 8) : “ Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.”

Compare with this text what we read in “ *King John*,” in that most affecting of all scenes, between *Hubert* and *Arthur*, when the young prince says to him :

*An if an angel should have come to me
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him.*

—Act 4, Scene 1.

Of the sublime passages in the Old Testament, in which the attributes of man, or of angels, are assigned to God, as, for instance, where He is said to “ride upon the heavens,” or “fly upon the wings of the wind,” or that “His hand is not shortened,” we might expect to find likenesses in Shakspeare, and we do find them—yet so softened and disguised that no comparison which might suggest thoughts of irreverence is provoked by the imitation. *Romeo* thus addresses *Juliet* at her window :

O! speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of Heaven
Unto the white upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he *bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,*
And *sails upon the bosom of the air.*

—Act 2, Scene 2.

In Isaiah lix. 1 we read: "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save." The same idea is found in "Pericles: "

Danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here.

—Act 1, Scene 2.

And in xlix. 15: "Can a mother forget her sucking child? . . . yea, they may forget, yet will I remember thee!"

In "King Henry V." we read:

*Old men forget, yea, all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day.*

—Act 4, Scene 3.

In the Book of Job we read: "In the dark they dig through houses; . . . they know not the light; for the morning is to them even as the shadow of death: if one know them, they are in the terrors of the shadow of death."

In "King Richard II." we read:

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their
backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
—Act 3, Scene 2.

And *Lady Macbeth*, when meditating
the murder of *King Duncan*, thus so-
liloquizes :

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold !*
—Act 1, Scene 5.

The following may be added as speci-
mens of less elaborate comparison, no
less evidently drawn from the same
sacred source.

In “*Much Ado About Nothing*,”
Benedick says to *Don Pedro*, in answer
to the latter’s question, “Where’s the
count ? ”—

I found him here as melancholy as *a lodge in a
warren.*
—Act 2, Scene 1.

In Isaiah we read (i. 8) : “ The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city.”

In Romans ix. 21 we read : “ Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor ? ”

In “ King Henry VIII.,” where the *Duke of Norfolk* complains of the exorbitant power of *Wolsey* :

All men's honors
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashioned
Into what pitch he pleases.

—Act 2, Scene 2.

The comparison, “ as snow in harvest,” occurs verbatim both in the Bible and in Shakspeare :

As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him.—Prov. xxv. 13.

Clarence. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1st Murderer. Right, *as snow in harvest.*—

Come, you deceive yourself.

—Richard III., Act 1, Scene 4.

In like manner the comparisons derived from animals, with which the Bible has familiarized us, are to be found no less in the pages of Shakspeare. For instance, in “King Henry IV.,” Part Second, we read :

*Who like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.*

—Act 5, Scene 2.

derived from the Psalmist's description of the enemies of Jerusalem : “The wild boar out of the wood doth root it up; and the wild beasts of the field doth devour it” (Ps. lxxx. 13).

So, too, “the wolf in sheep's clothing” of Matthew vii. 15 is reproduced in “King Henry VI.,” Part Second, Act 3, Scene 1, where *Queen Margaret* inquires concerning *Gloster* :

Is he a *lamb*? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as are the ravenous *wolves*.

The Leviathan, as described in Job xii., furnishes our poet with a striking passage in "King Henry VI.":

We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore.

—Act 3, Scene 3.

Can the Ethiopian change his skin,
or the leopard his spots?—Jer. xiii. 23.

In "King Richard II.," we read:

King Richard. Give me his gage.—Lions make
leopards tame.

Norfolk. Yea, but *not change their spots.*

—Act 1, Scene 1.

In the Bible, that which is appropriated and secured is "sealed" (Rom. xv. 28). So in Shakspeare:

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath *sealed thee* for herself.

—Cymbeline, Act 3, Scene 2.

So *Hamlet* says to his friend *Horatio* :

A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to *set his seal*,
To give the world assurance of a man.

—Act 3, Scene 4.

In Matt. xi. 25 we read : “ I thank thee, O Father, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.”

In “ All’s Well that Ends Well ” we find :

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes : great floods
have flown
From simple sources ; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
*Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.*

—Act 2, Scene 1.

In Luke xiv. 28 we read : “ Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth

not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?"

In "King Henry IV.," Part Second, we read :

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we *rate the cost of the erection* ;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices ; or, at least, desist
To build at all ?

—Act 1, Scene 3.

In 2 Corinthians vi. 10 we read: "As sorrowing, yet always rejoicing ; as poor, yet making many rich ; as having nothing, yet possessing all things."

Fairest Cordelia, thou art *most rich, being poor ;
Most choice, forsaken ; and most loved, despised.*

—King Lear, Act 1, Scene 1.

CONCLUSION.

My task is done. In despair of producing anything new in regard to the plays of Shakspeare, I am reminded of a remark by the author of "Lacon:" "Shakspeare, Butler, and Bacon have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them to be either wise, witty, or profound;" and he might have added, *original*.

While the "parallel passages" have been the result of my own study and research, other parts are mainly compilations and condensations from the works of others. I have omitted to quote hundreds of passages which have some bearing on the subject treated, and selected those only which I considered the most apposite. Next to the Bible,

Shakspeare is the book of books. It is a mine of intellectual wealth, where giants may delve for ages, and then leave it unexplored.

When I was a boy in the country, my good orthodox minister thought it very sinful to read a play of Shakspeare. Probably he never read a play himself, and never dreamed that the same lessons he taught from the pulpit were reproduced in these plays, in which vice and virtue receive their proper reward; and

" I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions."

—Hamlet, Act 2, Scene 2.

Few sermons have been able to accomplish as much as this.

If my little book shall serve to stimulate to a more thorough reading and appreciation of the works of Shakspeare, I shall be amply rewarded for my labor.

SHAKSPEARE ASSERTS HIMSELF AGAINST
DONNELLY'S BACON.

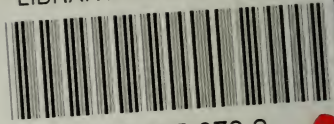
It has been asserted that "there is no line of writing, no bit of evidence in existence, to show that Shakspeare ever claimed to have written one line of the plays or poems which bear his name." The reader is referred to sonnet cxxxvi., where he will find the following :

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*.
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
Among a number one is reckon'd none ;
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be ;
For nothing hold me so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :
 Make but my name thy love and love that still
 And then thou lov'st me—for my name is *Will*.





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